

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 60.—No. 18.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1882.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
6d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 6, will be performed
GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mme
Albani; Siebel, Mme Guerica; Mefistofele, M. Bouhy; Valentino, Signor
Cotogni; and Faust, Signor Frapolli. Conductor—M. DUPONT.

On MONDAY next, May 8, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LA FAVORITA." Leonora,
Mme Trebelli; Alfonso XI., M. Bouhy; Baldassare, M. Gresse; and Fernando,
Signor Lestellier (his first appearance in England). Conductor—Signor
BEVIGNANI.

On TUESDAY next, May 9, VERDI'S Opera, "LA TRAVIATA." Violetta,
Mme Albani; Giorgio Germont, Signor Cotogni; and Alfredo, Signor Frapolli.

On THURSDAY next, May 11 (Subscription night in lieu of Tuesday, Aug. 1),
AMBOISE THOMAS'S Opera, "MIGNON." Mignon, Mme Albani; Filina,
Mdlle Valleria; Federico, Mme Trebelli; Lotario, M. Gailhard; and Guglielmo,
Signor Lestellier.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the
portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.;
Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony
Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre,
2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr
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for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon &
Ollier, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Olivier, Bond Street; Messrs
Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr
Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of
Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,
May 6th, at Three. The programme will include Overture, *Preciosa*
(Weber); Pianoforte Concerto (D'Albert); Symphony No. 8 (Beethoven);
Overture, *Calm Sea and a Prosperous Voyage* (Mendelssohn). Vocalist—Herr
Betz (of the Royal Opera of Berlin). Solo Piano—Mr Eugene D'Albert. Conductor—Mr
AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and Admission to Concert-
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MR JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce a BALLAD CONCERT on SATURDAY
Morning Next, May 13, at Three o'clock. Artists: Mme Lemmens-
Sherrington and Miss Mary Davies, Mme Antoinette Sterling and Mme
Fassett; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Santley, and Mr Maybrick. Violin—Mme
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MR A. POLLITZER'S EVENING CONCERT at the
STEINWAY HALL, May 10, at Eight o'clock. Miss Elliot, Miss D'Alton,
Miss Emma Barnett; M.M. Pollitzer, Gibson, Jung, Ould. At the Piano—Mr
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MR GANZ'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, ST
JAMES'S HALL, This (SATURDAY) Afternoon May 6, at Three o'clock.
Programme: Overture, *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn); Concerto, for pianoforte, in
C minor (Beethoven); Symphony, in C major (Schubert); Solo Pianoforte by
Moszkowsky, Mozart, Scarlatti-Tausig; Overture, *Euryanthe* (Weber). Pianist
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at Three o'clock, ST GEORGE'S HALL. Miss Anna Williams, Mme A.
Paget, Mme Patey, Mr Percy Blandford. Violin, Miss K. Chaplin; harp, Mr
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THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Having, in a former article, touched upon some of the novel principles illustrated by Wagner's great drama, there now remains to notice the most important of them all—namely, the manner in which music is applied to it. Let no reader unacquainted with the poet-composer's ultimate method—if there can be an ultimate method while such a restless and changeable mind exists and works—let no reader, we say, imagine that in speaking of music, as "applied" to the drama, we use terms carelessly. The typical Italian opera hardly lives apart from its music. With a view to music, its scenes, incidents, and dialogue are arranged; and we should not be far wrong were we to assert that in this case the poet is the humble servant of the composer. Wagner's method in the *Nibelung's Ring* is precisely the reverse. It may not be true that he wrote his drama without reference to music at all, because he distinctly speaks of a text which "yearns" for musical expression. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the *Nibelung's Ring* could be represented without the help of the sister art, and so given would not be found lacking in interest. It stands alone, a complete creation, self-contained; music coming to it only as so much plastic material, usable at will for the strengthening of emotional expression, and for another and unique purpose, presently to be dwelt upon. The distinction here pointed out is very important. It is the key to the situation, and should never be lost sight of by those who would judge Wagner, not on principles he disowns, but on those which really form the basis of his action.

Till the development of the Wagnerian method, composers wrote dramatic music substantially on the same lines; such change as was made from generation to generation tending to the more intimate alliance of the poetic sentiment and musical expression. Music is the natural language of the emotions, which find through it fuller, deeper, and more subtle utterance than is possible to words. But ever since it began to have a grammar and rules; ever since the art was invested with some of the qualities of a scientific study, it has had to reckon with a tendency towards another and less legitimate use. There have been times when music, instead of making an appeal to feeling, challenged the admiration due to a mathematical exercise. At other times we have seen it employed in conjunction with words, but with no thought of fitness or of anything higher than the display of executive ability. These departures from the natural function of the Art have worked serious mischief by delaying its true progress; but they have not prevented a continuous, if somewhat irregular, advance towards emotionalism in general; and, as regards lyric drama, towards a closer alliance between the sentiment of the words and that of the music. The classic masters, however, applied their art to drama on very simple principles, which may be found perfectly illustrated in Beethoven's *Fidelio*. We do not overlook the fact that Weber extended its use when he identified certain themes or harmonic combinations with particular characters, introducing Zamiel, for example, by means of a "diminished" chord, coloured by the low notes of the wind instruments. Still, generally speaking, the aim of the masters was to seize upon the predominant feeling of the situation, and give it adequate expression without reference to the personages and motives involved. The magnificent dungeon scene of *Fidelio* is a case in point. Here there is no attempt at individual characterization, and no effort to picture the various dramatic incidents. A composer of the present day would, most likely, do both and distract attention, as well as dispel the broad effect of the scene by a multitude of details. Beethoven knew better, or, as some would have it put, did not know so much. His music works upon us without removing our regard from the stage. We are conscious of its gloom, its terror, and its despair; its fierce passion, tenderness, and rejoicing, yet not so actively conscious as that we are drawn out of the situation. In this respect we resemble a man who, looking on some fair, broad landscape, feels the beauty of a whole made up by a multitude of unregarded parts. If it be the province of music to express emotion, this is the only artistic method in which it can be used to that end.

To fritter away attention on a crowd of minutiae, demanding for their recognition a distinct exercise of the mind, is to imitate the painter, who, in transferring a hedge-row to canvas, bestows as much care upon each wild flower as though the observer had a separate eye for every bloom. The tendency of modern work is in the direction of such minute "tone-painting." Instead of making an appeal to our feelings, in consonance with the appeal of the drama, composers, nowadays, call upon our mental perception and keep us busily employed in recognizing this, that, and the other supposed musical equivalent for person, incident, and motive. Substantially, we have to occupy our faculties with two representations: one of dialogue and action, and another in which music, moving on parallel lines with its companions, as far as possible imitates it. It has, however, been reserved for Wagner to give this idea a new and elaborate development. With him musical characterization becomes a fundamental principle, to which that of emotional expression is subordinate, and the orchestra—the voices for the most part declaim—acts like a gigantic indicator, continually working its many arms as guides to the personages and purposes of the play.

It must be clearly understood that in the foregoing respect, the method of the *Nibelung's Ring* is that of the *Flying Dutchman* and a great deal more. The "representative themes" of Wagner's early operas are few in number, of considerable development, easily recognized and remembered; whereas in the *Nibelung's Ring* they are many, often consisting of a few notes, and make heavy demands both upon perception and memory. Nor is this all. Their scope is enlarged, and their use so complicated that even Wagner's most thoroughgoing disciples seem to look upon the music of the *Nibelung's Ring* as a maze; one of them, Hans von Wolzogen having kindly published a guide, which his brother, Ernst, has translated into a language that, at a pinch, will pass for English. By studying this little book amateurs can obtain a clear idea of the amazing system which Wagner has developed from the ordinary representative theme found in other masters. They must be struck, in the first place, with its comprehensiveness. Almost every leading idea in the drama has a musical equivalent. Of this let us cite a few examples. The play opens in the depths of the Rhine, and the first bars give us the "motive of the primeval element." Alberich pursues the Rhine Daughters, and, enraged at their escaping him, threatens them. Straightway a "motive of menace" is heard. The fateful Ring has, of course, a theme of its own, and when Alberich, to obtain the gold, forswears love, there is a "motive of renunciation." In like manner, the music presents a "motive of love's fascination;" a "motive of a growing twilight;" motives of the "rainbow;" of "the godly sword," of the "victorious call of the Walsungs," of "presentiment," of the "question of fate," and so on to the number of ninety. It is, of course, necessary to a full comprehension and enjoyment of the music-drama that each of these ninety themes shall be identified as it occurs. The whole must, in point of fact, be committed to memory in a way peculiarly clear and strong. Were they heard only in conjunction with that which they represent, there would be no great need for this. When, for example, the dragon appears, the theme prominent in the orchestra is naturally regarded as the musical equivalent of that monstrous creature. But Wagner gives his hearer no such easy task. With extraordinary ingenuity he enters into the mind of each character, takes note of every influence, purpose, and feeling, as far as there is any relation in it to the past, and then conveys the result of his observations by a complication of the already-heard motives therewith connected. That we may not be thought to misrepresent the master, let us make an extract or two from Wolzogen's guide book. The third section (*Siegfried*) of the drama opens with an orchestral prelude, to understand which alone involves no small acquaintance with what has gone before, and no mean exercise of memory. Here is the explanation: "Mime in his lonely forge in the forest sits meditating about the gain of the ring through Siegfried, and about the sword which he is unable to forge for him. Therefore, at first, only the 'motive of meditation' sounds into the long dull roll of the kettledrum upon the contra-F. Then the object of his meditation announces itself in the depth by

the 'motive of the rising treasure,' and, thereafter, the 'forging motive,' which henceforth sticks fast to Mime's person, sets in in a more and more persevering movement. For only by means of his smith's craft Mime may gain the sword which is to help him to the object of his meditation. Whilst again the treasure moves from below, the scourge strokes of the 'motive of bondage' drive him to his work. But this same scourge is to lead to his dominion, therefore the 'motive of bondage' turns at the culmination of the prelude into the triumphant call of Alberich sounding in victorious *f*. The frequently repeated 'motive of the ring' draws a lively, glittering, and splendid picture of the hoped-for trophy. Meanwhile, the 'motive of the dragon,' who watches the treasure, begins already to wind itself on in the bass, and the 'motive of the sword,' upon which Mime's meditations and exertions are all thwarted, rises in clear C major above the menacing warbling of the last tone. The forging motive and that of bondage lead into Mime's song, in which his outbreathing wrath, his musing, and his dread are marked by the different motives of the prelude, with the only exception of the triumphant call, which here is replaced by the ambiguous 'motive of triumph,' concluding with Loge's mockery." Thus we have, in an orchestral introduction, an elaborate "argument" expressed in arbitrary language, every character of which has to be learned before the composer is understood. Again, when Siegfried, just before his death at Hagen's hands, relates how he won Brunhilde, "we hear," says our guide, "the 'forging motive,' parts of Mime's 'education song,' the flourish of the 'Sword's guardian,' the phrase of Nothung, the motives of 'meditation' and of the 'dragon,' the 'Waldweben,' accompanied by Sieglinde's 'Walsung motive,' and in rich and richer chords the melodies of the bird, and, as at last the dark harmonies of the 'cooking motive' remind the hearer of Mime's falsehood, Hagen sneeringly laughs out with the 'forging' motive, as once Alberich did." These examples will suffice to show the complicated character of Wagner's method, and the formidable obstacles it presents to those who would hear the *Nibelung's Ring* with perfect comprehension. Upon those obstacles, however, we do not care to dwell for the purpose of making them an argument against the work. A good thing is none the worse, but often all the better, for the pains necessary to secure it. Far more important is the fact that by this "motive" system Wagner changes the spirit and purpose of music as applied to drama. Instead of heightening the appeal of the stage to emotion, music, as he uses it, places itself before the mind to suggest related circumstances, indicate designs, foreshadow realizations, and generally to act the part of a commentator. This is the essence of the "new art" which Wagner has given Germany, and it certainly constitutes a fresh departure—leading whither? We cannot believe that the thing will take root and flourish, even in the Fatherland, where it has attained, so far, a "success of curiosity." It seems to us an unnatural employment of means bestowed for an end which we recognize by instinct rather than intellectually perceive. In other words, it is arbitrary and artificial, whereas the use of music as a vehicle of emotion is, in its elementary form, the result of an inward prompting. With the adoption of Wagner's system certain results are involved. What we know as "form" must of course go. There can be no working out of melodic ideas, no harmony of phrase with phrase, where the music, obeying a rigid law, follows the course of the poetic thought, not to heighten its expression so much as to further an intellectual perception of dramatic circumstances and conditions. We have already expressed our disbelief in the vitality of this method on æsthetic grounds, and now is the time to say that its utter unpracticalness is, perhaps, the source of greatest weakness. Imagine the result were even a composer high up in the second class to work out a music drama on Wagner's principles. It is easy to conceive the inextricable confusion in which the poor man would find himself, with an army of themes all claiming to be worked in whenever the faintest reference is made to that which they represent. Let us be assured—especially those of us who look with anxiety towards the future of lyric drama—that Wagner's method

belongs to himself alone. It was born with him, and, as a method, if not as an influence, it will die with him, since there is not likely to follow the poet-composer another man so gifted; nor, assuming a successor, is it probable that he would take up and wear the Wagner mantle. We may dismiss the assumption, and ask, "Who is sufficient to carry on the work which the *Nibelung's Ring* exemplifies?" When Goliath of Gath fell before the stripling David, the Philistine host had not a soldier able to wield the champion's mighty spear. In like manner, when Wagner succumbs to the dart of Death—*absit omen*—his place will remain a void. He who doubts this should study the *Nibelung's Ring*, and mark the wonderful genius shown in that monumental creation; genius such as comes but once in an age. There Wagner triumphs over difficulties which he seems to have wantonly created in very pride of strength. With what astonishing ease the master marshals and manœuvres his army of motives! How subtly he interweaves them, and varies them, according to the exigencies of his plan, with never a break in the long continuity, and never a moment when the strain upon his resources seems more than they can bear. We may reject the new system as tending to put the music of lyric drama in an artificial, false, and practically impossible position; but we may not refuse our homage to the colossal genius that has conceived and worked it out. Herein, indeed, lies the consolation of some amongst us. When a power is misdirected, its very greatness gives a comfortable prospect of extinction at the death of him who wields it.

The time is close at hand for more minute criticism of the *Nibelung's Ring*. That the work will excite unreflecting enthusiasm in some and heedless censure in others may be taken for granted; but the bulk of the Englishmen who hear it will, no doubt, judge with sober judgment. Their verdict we dare to anticipate, and we look for a strengthening rather than a weakening of claims long conceded to the artistic forms Wagner would extinguish. The *Nibelung's Ring* is wonderful, and our public will look at it with curiosity and amaze; but they will go back to a form of the lyric drama which, with all its absurdities, is truer to nature and to art.

—o—

ALBANI IN THE TRAVIATA.

(From the "Morning Post.")

In making choice of the part of Violetta in *La Traviata* for her first appearance this season, Mdme Albani did well. She thus afforded her many admirers an opportunity of judging of the many-sided character of her abilities. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of her vocalization, or the exquisite taste with which the difficult and trying phrases which Verdi has written, and which the genius of the artist has added, were presented to the ear. The success which followed every effort was not only well won, but it marked a gratifying encouragement that one whose career has been a series of well-directed steps on the road to that point of perfection which all desire to attain, and but few make the proper preparation to deserve. Mdme Albani is to be regarded as especially an English singer, inasmuch as her first great triumphs have been won in the metropolis, and the greatest hold upon the minds and also the affections of her hearers have been achieved in this country. Her reception on Saturday night was a tribute of welcome from those who had learned to admire the earnest, persevering, and conscientious artist, and the marvellous manner in which she sang was an acknowledgment on her part of the high value she set upon the good opinions of her British admirers. All the opportunities which Verdi has given to his heroine were taken by her as the means for the display of rare intelligence and sincere artistic power. The sympathies of the audience were secured from the outset to the end, and her essay of the part of Violetta was marked by well-studied grace and thoughtful ability. The applause with which she was rewarded was most enthusiastic, and a perfect bower of floral tributes was presented to the charming Violetta, as graceful and as welcome as the modest flower after which she is named.

STUTTGART.—Professor Giessler, lecturer on agricultural chemistry at the Polytechnic Institution, has invented a preparation for rendering wood and other materials non-combustible. The objects thus treated will never ignite, even under the intensest heat. The mixture has been adopted at the Theatre Royal.

FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 252.)

THE ANTHEM.

Many anthems are written in a single movement, and in the form of one or other of the single movements described before.

Anthems of early times vary from, perhaps, little more than a hymn tune to an elaborate composition in the imitative style of the day which we associate now with the madrigal. Such an one is the anthem of Tallis mentioned in former pages, "I call and cry to Thee." Orlando Gibbons' "Hosanna" is another example of the same kind. Of less elaborate imitation, and with occasional rhythmic phrases which give it more of a hymn-like nature, is Tallis' "If ye love me keep my commandments"; and also that attributed to Farrant of about the same date, "Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake." Modern anthems in single movements naturally follow more modern forms.

Where greater length is necessary, the design is carried out in a series of movements closely following one another, connected by the natural sequence of musical and poetical ideas, and also by a certain relationship between the keys of the different movements. Sometimes a passage occurs of the nature of recitative, but without the passionate declamation that may be appropriate in romantic music.

In Purcell's "My beloved spake," the successive movements are all in one key, are all complete in themselves with half-way rest on the dominant, or with modulation in the middle of the movement, returning to a perfect close in the main key F; the unity of the key and the sense of the words being the only connection between the several movements.

Purcell's "O sing unto the Lord" is an anthem of many movements, all of which have a distinct and final close; and all but two of them begin and end in the major or minor form of F, the main key of the piece. The continuity of the anthem as a whole is much aided by the variation of the keys of these two movements. One of them, the third of the whole, begins in D minor and continues in F, followed by the next movement in F. The other, the fifth of the whole, begins in B flat, goes through much modulation and ends in D minor; the rest of the movements following in F minor or major. Both these movements of different key bear some resemblance to the second part or fantasia of a sonata, and, as such, tend to carry on the design of the whole anthem in the direction most natural; namely, to begin in the main key, to go abroad and to return home to the main key, to go abroad again, and again to return home.

This characteristic (of going abroad and returning again) is carried out further in Purcell's "I was glad"; and in some places the change of movement occurs within the divisions of the design, thus aiding the continuity by making the movements necessary to one another. The long symphonies for string quartet are in some places necessary parts of the design, and make the anthem a sort of forerunner of the Choral Symphony and the Hymn of Praise. The first symphony, after a few introductory bars, brings in the main subject of the first solo and comes to a close. The solo follows:

Ex. 166. I was glad,.....

Alto voice. &c.

Cello.

After several phrases it modulates and then returns to the main key with a close. The symphony follows with a re-composition of the final phrase and a close. The next movement follows, without a stop, in the same key:

Ex. 167. Je - ru - sa - lem is built as a ci - ty

Bass voice. &c.

Cello.

and directly modulates through several keys to C, changes the movement while in C,

Ex. 168. Alto, Tenor, Bass, & Cello.

&c.

testi-fy un-to Is-ra-el, and to give thanks

and returns through A minor to G for the cadence of the new movement. The symphony follows with the music of the next coming solo note for note. This is a complete movement, though short, beginning:

Ex. 169.

For there is the seat of judg-ment

Tenor. &c.

Cello.

After this it modulates and returns to G for its close. The symphony which follows this is an independent and complete movement in G minor, with modulation in the middle and closing in G minor:

Ex. 170.

&c.

Following this is a short movement of four bars in quasi recitative:

Ex. 171.

O pray for the peace of Je-ru-sa-lem, O pray, pray for the peace

Alto. &c.

Accomp. Ten. Bass.

This leads into another movement in triple time in G major with modulation and with close in G minor.

Immediately after this is common time and the major form of the key for one phrase only:

Ex. 172.

Peace be with-in thy walls, peace be within thy walls,

&c.

followed by change of time and modulation for a second phrase, returning to G for a third phrase. The next movement acts as second part to this, and is a solo in changing keys. It is followed by a recapitulation of the last group of three phrases for chorus (see Ex. 172), and this brings the anthem to an end.

With reference to the symphonies for stringed instruments in this anthem we may quote from Pepys' "Diary," September 14, 1662: "To Whitehall Chapel. Captain Cooke's new musike. This the first day of having vials and other instruments to play a symphony between every verse of the anthems. . . ."

(Cummings' "Life of Purcell.")

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

PRESENTATION TO MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

On Tuesday last the professors of the National Training School for Music presented Mr Arthur Sullivan with an album containing the photographs of the professors, officials, and students who had been associated with him during the term of his holding office as Principal. A deputation of professors, including Messrs J. F. Barnett, J. Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., J. T. Carrodus, E. Jerningham, S. Kemp, H. Lazarus, Arthur O'Leary, J. Radcliff, Alberto Visetti, and J. B. Welch, assembled at Mr Sullivan's residence, when Signor Visetti read the following address:—

"Dear Mr Sullivan,—It is with the truest and deepest feeling of satisfaction that we have called to-day upon you, and rejoice in greeting you after your long absence. We call on you as friends and as representatives of the whole staff of professors and the whole body of students of the National Training School, and our duty is as dear to us as we hope it will be agreeable to you.

"Five years of uninterrupted intercourse with you, left in the mind and the heart of those who had the honour of belonging to that musical institution an impression that will never be effaced by time or events; the professors will never forget how gratifying it was to aid the development of youthful talent when their best efforts were always rewarded by your kind and encouraging expressions; and the pupils must always be proud of having gone through their studies under your learned and affectionate direction. We feel confident (for you have repeatedly told us so) that you also will not forget that time; but that you may have it oftener present to your mind, we ask you to accept this token of our respectful affection, assuring you that, as the likenesses contained in this album will always be the same, our feelings towards you will remain for ever unchanged."

Mr Arthur Sullivan, in reply, expressed the very great pleasure it gave him to receive such an interesting memento of his connection with the Training School. "Though averse to testimonials in general, the form which their expression of esteem had taken would, of course, allow him to accept it with unalloyed gratification. They had all reason to be very proud of the successful results of the School, and he was sure the professors would, like himself, watch with sympathetic interest the careers of those students who, by their talents and industry, had already distinguished themselves under their direction. He would always look back with pleasure to the time which had brought him into close contact with his late colleagues, enabling him, in many instances, to renew old friendships and form others which, he hoped, would be equally lasting. He would beg those present to convey to all who had contributed to this beautiful and interesting mark of their esteem his warmest and sincerest thanks."

The album, which has been manufactured by Messrs Houghton & Gunn, of Bond Street, is handsomely bound. It also contains an illuminated address and a highly tasteful frontispiece designed by Mr J. R. Clayton, in which are introduced the titles of some of Mr Sullivan's principal works.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

A work begun on Aug. 21, 1832, came to an end last night—the Sacred Harmonic Society has ceased to exist. We unfeignedly regret it, not solely because of the sentiment which makes us all dwell lovingly upon the merits of a vanished good, but because music in this country has lost one of its most useful and honoured champions. The fact is probably recognized now that the time of redemption is passed. A little of the interest shown last night by an audience that crowded the hall to the doors would, if manifested some time ago, have saved the society. One common feeling of regret pervaded the throng. But it was the vain regret which weeps a loss that might have been averted. Some may comfort themselves with the thought that the "Sacred Harmonic" lived longer than most other institutions of its kind. Granted, but we see no adequate reason for its death, unless it be—which Heaven forefend!—that English amateurs no longer regard the masterpieces of sacred music. In that case the event we now record was both natural and just. We do not want a society that is a sham. Another matter of interest helped to explain the crowd which assembled last night. We had thought that Sir Michael Costa took his leave of the society through the medium of *Eli*, as performed at the penultimate concert. But so rapid has been the famous conductor's recovery of late, that he was enabled to appear and see the last of an institution connected with his name since 1848. The attendance of Sir Michael was worth much more risk than he himself incurred, and showed that Fate is not always in

the mood to spite a universal wish, or to ignore the fitness of things. Every one present, we undertake to say, was right glad to see the well-known figure in its accustomed place, and once more to enjoy an oratorio as given under the most potent of *bâtons*. Sir Michael was received in a manner that might well have affected him. Applause swelled into cheers, and waving hats and handkerchiefs supplemented the demonstration of voices as he stepped upon the platform, and again, with added vehemence, when he quitted it, after "God save the Queen" had brought the proceedings to an end. Justice was thus done, for, in his own way, Sir Michael Costa is a hero worthy of "ovation," and it must have been the remembrance of his more than thirty years' work, as well as rejoicing at his convalescence, which gave emphasis to the applause he received.

The society began with Handel fifty years ago, and ended with the same mighty master, whose *Solomon* was chosen for the final performance. Leaving *Israel in Egypt* out of the question—as was done by the directors on account of their limited resources—a better choice could not have been made. *Solomon* abounds in magnificent choruses of the true Handelian character—such choruses as evoked the wondering homage of the dying Beethoven, and are still the delight of amateurs, the despair of composers. Who that pretends to even an elementary acquaintance with Handel does not know them, or is unable to call over from memory the roll that begins with "Your harps and cymbals sound," continues with the exquisite "May no rash intruder," the pompous "From the censor," the wonderful series of the "Passions"—amid which "Draw the tear from hopeless love" stands like a colossus—and ends with "The name of the wicked shall quickly be past." Such works are not for an age only. Music may take this or that development as the changeful tide of men and things rolls down the centuries; but the true principles of art never vary. They confer immortal youth upon their exemplars, and of their exemplars *Solomon* is one. The performance, we are glad to say, was in most respects worthy of the occasion. All the choruses were given with effect, some of them, as the "Nightingale" chorus, with unvoted finish; while the solos, entrusted to Miss Anna Williams, Miss Adela Vernon, Mme Patey, Mr Guy, and Mr Burgon, afforded no ground for any feeling but satisfaction. In the pathetic air, "Can I see my infant gored?" Miss Williams sang with true feeling. Miss Vernon's sympathetic voice and refinement of style were conspicuous in the music of the Queen of Sheba, and, as *Solomon*, Mme Patey achieved a success which is both familiar and inevitable. Her delivery of the recitatives was as noteworthy as ever for declamatory power, while in the beautiful air, "What though I trace," the best of the qualities which give her distinction were displayed. Too much credit can hardly be awarded to Mr Guy for the musicianly style in which he sang the difficult tenor solos. His task was not a very grateful one, but he discharged it like an artist who, besides being skilful, is conscientious. As already mentioned, the National Anthem—Sir M. Costa's arrangement—followed the oratorio, and then, amid ringing cheers, the Sacred Harmonic Society passed into history; its work done, its honours gained. Will it have a successor? Surely, yes—one with the same mission, and differing only in the fervour which belongs to youth. While, therefore, we cry sadly, "Le Roi est mort!" we exclaim hopefully, "Vive le Roi!"—D. T.

VIENNA.—On the 19th ult., Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* was given at the Imperial Opera for the 100th time, the first performance having taken place in the new house on the 16th July, 1869. The cast included three "guests" or non-members of the regular company: Lilli Lehmann, from the Royal Opera, Berlin, as Marguerite de Valois; Wekerlin, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, as Valentine; and Gudehus, from the Theatre Royal Dresden, as Raoul.—Stainer, director of the Theater an der Wien, has become manager of the Carl-Theater.—Some time since the *Deutsche Zeitung* offered a prize of 100 ducats for the best Austro-German national hymn, Joseph Winter being the successful competitor. The paper subsequently offered the same amount for an appropriate setting of the hymn; but out of 1,320 essays forwarded by as many candidates not one has been deemed worthy.

STETTIN.—On the occasion of Götze's benefit at the Stadttheater, Marianne Brandt being advertised to appear as Fidelio, the house was crammed in every part. But the lady coming on, not in character, but ordinary costume, informed the audience that she was ill when she left Berlin that morning. Unwilling to disappoint them, however, and hoping to be better before evening, she came to proffer her own excuse. No improvement having taken place, any idea of her singing was out of the question, but she hoped the public would not make the conductor pay the penalty of her own misfortune. This appeal had its intended effect, and all the audience remained for Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, so Götze had his benefit after all.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The most brilliant night of the season, so far, was that of Saturday last. In the first place, the aspect of the house reminded one of the days when Italian opera really flourished as a social institution. Royalty attended in force, two double boxes being occupied by the Queen of the Netherlands, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, and a numerous suite, while the appearance of stalls and tiers showed at a glance that the audience had a genuine right to be called fashionable and distinguished. The occasion of the gathering was not a musical novelty, since Verdi's *Traviata* runs *Lucia* and *La Sonnambula* hard for precedence among operas best known. But though everybody had an intimate acquaintance with the work performed, the principal artist essayed her part for the first time in London, and Mme Albani in a new character is provocation sufficient to secure a full house. Mme Albani may be congratulated upon the remarkable success which attended her appearance as the unfortunate Lady of the Camellias—a success never in doubt from the moment of her entry till the close of the opera. In more than one respect the assumption was notable. It gave evidence of intelligent study, independence of tradition, and a just perception of the manner in which Violetta can be represented so as to unite a measure of verisimilitude with the qualities necessary to elicit sympathy. The result was a character marked by strength of feeling amounting to passion, in itself able to explain much of Violetta's history upon which it is not needful to dwell, and making perfectly natural those later scenes that so often appear exaggerated and artificial. We sometimes see Violettas of a coldness and delicacy entirely at variance with the surroundings as well as with the nature of the personage, and, again, are presented with others so reckless that we fail to understand their association with the love that is capable of sacrifice. Mme Albani avoided both mistakes. Her Violetta was a woman who, if beyond the pale of society, had preserved her moral sense, and her capacity for pure and disinterested affection, along with an emotional fervour which, in whatever direction moved, must necessarily exert a powerful impetus. Mme Albani carefully presented this idea of the part from beginning to end, and brought into harmonious conjunction the reckless abandon of the first act, the noble self-sacrifice of the second, and the love until death of the third. Some points in the embodiment were new. At the parting from Alfredo, for example, the struggle to make what Violetta intended as a final adieu appear no more than a temporary leave-taking was brought into especial prominence with touching effect. Again, when Alfredo offered Violetta the crowning offence, the woman, instead of fainting right off, faced her insulter with a look of haughty indignation, and only after the coward had retreated fell slowly back into friendly arms. The final scene was very powerfully played by Mme Albani. It was a delirium of feeling, for which the artist drew upon every power she possessed. The result may be called great, and assuredly no Violetta of recent date has enacted the dying girl with more genuine pathos and passion. As a dramatic artist Mme Albani now stands higher in esteem than ever. Of her singing it is needless to speak at length. Enough that Verdi's always happy and often touching melodies were given with the skill and expression necessary to their full enjoyment. The artist's success with her audience was immense, applause and re-calls being the order of the evening. In other respects the performance of *La Traviata*, which M. Dupont conducted, called for no remark save that the new stage manager's reforming hand was pleasantly conspicuous in the second act.—D. T.

Dinorah was given on Tuesday night, with Mme Sembrich as the heroine, and Mme Tremelli as the Goatherd, Signors Cotogni and Frapolli as Hoel and Correntino. *Aida* was produced on Thursday, with Mme Fürsch-Madi in the title part, and a new comer, Mdle Stahl (who made a sensible impression), as Amneris, Signor Frapolli as Radamès, and Signor Pandolfini as Amonasro. The opera attracted a large audience. This evening *Faust* is announced; and on Monday *La Favorita*, with Mme Trebelli as Leonora, a new tenor, Signor Lestellier as Fernando, and M. Bouhy as the King.

MUNICH.—Mme Basta, who was to play the Princess in *Robert le Diable* at the Theatre Royal, found herself at the last moment compelled by illness to relinquish it. No competent substitute being at hand, the opera was given without the Princess, the scenes in which she figures being omitted. (The same thing was done at Her Majesty's Theatre during the Jenny Lind furore.—Dr Blügel).

Minnie Hauk will head an English Opera Company next season in America. Among the works to be produced are English versions of *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, *Die lustigen Weiber*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Mignon*.

FRENCH MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN THE ALBERT HALL.

The festival and competition of French and Belgian Orpheonic Societies, held at Brighton last autumn, was not, we believe, a pecuniary success. In other ways, however, it so met the expectation of the promoters that M. de la Grave and those associated with him in directing the enterprise have resolved upon a repetition on June 20 and 21 next, changing the *locale* from Brighton to the Royal Albert Hall. The venture is a spirited one under the actual circumstances. In two months from the present time London will find itself at the height of the most extraordinary musical season ever known—a season already sure to present a perfect embarrassment of riches. Opera simultaneously given at three houses, a crowd of orchestral concerts, and a thousand and one entertainments of less pretensions, will join to present a distracting array of claims upon public patronage. It required no little courage to enter the lists against rivalry so formidable, but the managers of the "London French Musical Festival and Competition" are not to be deterred by any such considerations. We must admire their pluck, and own that they already deserve success.

The arrangements, generally speaking, will not differ from those of last year. Up to the present, we understand, the attendance of twenty prominent French and Belgian societies has been secured, and it is expected that at least forty additional entries will be made, the number of performers thus coming nearly up to 3,000. Upon their efforts some of our most prominent English and resident musicians have consented to sit in judgment; as, for example, Sirs J. Benedict, H. Oakeley, and G. Elvey, Messrs Randegger, Cowen, Mattei, Visetti, H. Leslie, Thorne, and Kuhe, among whose foreign colleagues will be at least three professors from the Paris Conservatoire. As last year, performances on a festival scale are prominent in the scheme, and these will certainly not prove wanting in attraction, if only because eminent artists, rarely or never heard before in England, have undertaken to appear. On this point it will suffice to mention the names of Mdle Jenny Howe, and M. Vergnet, both of the Paris Opéra; M. Gigout, organist of St Augustine's Church; and M. Paul Viardot, the violinist. It is understood, further, that several artists prominently associated with the famous Conservatoire concerts will make their bow to an English audience. When the arrangements are complete we shall, of course, be better able to estimate the attraction offered and the probabilities of success, but even now there seems no reason why the Orpheonic Festival should not obtain an adequate share of public support. It will be somewhat of a novelty in London, and is certain to afford an excellent opportunity of learning the stage to which popular musical education has advanced amongst our neighbours across the Channel. After two days' work at the Albert Hall the Orpheonists will visit Brighton to give concerts in the Dome, and in the event of pecuniary profit resulting, half the surplus will be given to the Royal College of Music.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—The new season of these concerts began successfully in St James's Hall on Wednesday evening, the audience being large and well disposed, while the performance came quite up to general expectation. Much of the programme we can afford to dismiss in a few words. There is no need, for example, to dwell upon the peculiar march written by Wagner in honour of the German victories, and dedicated to the Kaiser, or upon the same master's overture to *Tannhäuser*, or upon the prelude to *Der Freyschütz*, or upon the "Eroica" symphony. All these works are familiar features in the repertory of the concerts, and it would be as difficult to say anything new about their execution as about themselves. The rendering of each was justly applauded; at the same time, the public should not rush to an extreme, and fancy that never was anything heard like it. We remember quite as good performances taking place before Herr Richter stepped on our shores. Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor (Op. 70) was the nearest approach to novelty in the programme, and acquired additional interest from the playing of Mr Eugene D'Albert, who made his first appearance after returning from Vienna. The difficult or grandiose passages of the Russian composer were attacked by Mr D'Albert with spirit and success, while the accompaniment, under Herr Richter's careful direction, was all that could have been desired. The young pianist received enthusiastic applause at the close of his task.—D. T.

Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* has been produced at the Stadttheater, Cologne, thus completing the series of *Nibelung* representations begun in the spring of 1879.

Gilmore has received, through the United States Commissioner General to the Paris Exhibition of 1878, a medal from the French Government for his concerts in the Trocadero during the Exhibition.

Triumbrate.

"For they didn't plead over and above ill."

DILETTANTE CURTAIN-LIFTER.



Daly.

"Scots wha hae."

[Pasha Sullivan will put the three melodies together, with pianoforte-accompaniment by Count Hallé, and harp-accompaniment by Percival Guffyn.]

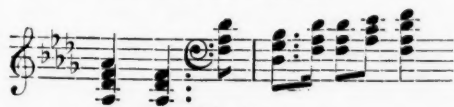
"Ar hyd y nos."

"The Groves of Blarney."

Hoch!



All hail thou mighty poet!
Thou Homer of the Scands,
With brain—and thou dost know it—
As close-set as the sands!



Skaal!

THE Queen of the Netherlands, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg visited the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday night, when Mad. Albani made her first appearance for the season.

MARRIAGE.

On April 26, at Battersea, FREDERICK HENRY, eldest son of Frederick Morris, formerly Captain and Adjutant of 100th Regiment, to BERTHA CONSTANCE LOVE, youngest daughter of Herr Wilhelm Kloss.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1882.

RICHARD WAGNER'S JUDAISM IN MUSIC.

MOTTO: "Der Jude wird verbrannt."—LESSING.

Richard Wagner, who, for some time past, has again been working at his own self-glorification, so indispensable to him, by the industrious production of pamphlets, has just published another pamphlet under the title of *Das Judentum in der Musik*, Leipzig, J. J. Weber. The most abominable part of creation are the Jews, and all those are Jews who do not worship Herr Richard Wagner; this is about the leading thought of the pamphlet, which, though thin, is running over with venom. It is dedicated to Madame Marie Muchanoff, née Countess Nesselrode, and commences with the complaint "that every one of Wagner's artistic productions always meets, in the daily press—not only of Germany, but also of France and England—with a spirit of hostility exerted for his disparagement." The source of such wide-spreading enmity Wagner has discovered to be a general and regularly organized conspiracy of the Jews against him. We are told that, in consequence of an article ("Das Judentum in der Musik") which he published in 1850 in the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*, all the enemies of swine's flesh have become his enemies also, and have ever since striven in every possible manner to be revenged upon him. According to his assertion, the article created an immense sensation, though, strange to say, not R. Wagner but "K. Freigedank" was the signature appended to it, and the editor, F. Brendel, never condescended to reveal the real author! It indeed requires all Wagner's self-complacency to believe that the entire world of art and journalism is still thinking of a pseudonymous article that appeared in the *Leipziger Musikzeitung* nineteen years ago, and that every annoyance since suffered by him is nothing more nor less than the vengeance of the Jews on his *feuilleton*. I confess that it is only now, through Wagner's own pamphlet, that I knew anything of the article and of its illustrious parentage. The same is probably the case with the majority of my colleagues. But this is what Wagner will never believe; he is convinced, or, at least, pretends that he is (for one really often hesitates considering him so limited in intelligence as, in his pamphlet, he represents himself to be), that all his opponents are merely the sworn instruments bent upon carrying out the behests of a Jewish association formed to be revenged upon him. Though, from these fabulous results, we ought to conclude that the article of "K. Freigedank" is as universally known as Meyerbeer's "Prophet March," which appeared soon afterwards, Wagner considers it advisable to reprint the said article—a resolution for which we feel sincerely grateful.

He commences by attacking the Jews generally. As his object is "the justification of his invincible repugnance to everything Jewish," he of course paints without any light. The outward appearance of the Jew is a "disagreeable whim of Nature;" but, by the way, no calamity for the Jew, because "he feels very comfortable under this misfortune." On the stage it is impossible "to imagine any character, ancient or modern, represented by a Jew without involuntarily feeling the absolutely laughable inappropriateness of such an impersonation." (I wonder whether Wagner's Christian mind would really revolt at achieving success through the talent of Bettelheim, Csillag, or Sonntheim?)

The educated Jew is "the most heartless of men, and has relations only with those who need his money." (It is from such relations that Wagner appears to have derived all his knowledge of the educated Jew.) Finally the author enters upon the relations of the Jews to art. "What the educated Jew had to say when he wished to indulge in artistic utterance, could of course be only that which was unimportant and trivial, since his whole impulse towards art was luxurious and unnecessary." According to Wagner, everything a Jew does in the way of art "must necessarily have inherent in it the quality of coldness or indifference, even to triviality and ridiculousness." And what name does he mention immediately after

this thesis? No less a one than that of *Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*, or as he with feigned sensibility says: "Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, no soon taken from us." He asserts that Mendelssohn, despite his talent, could never succeed—not even in one solitary instance—in producing upon us the profound impression, moving both heart and soul, which we expect from art. I think that thousands of my readers will agree with me when I assure Herr Wagner that the simplest of Mendelssohn's songs (not to speak of his greatest creations) makes its way more surely to "the heart and soul" than ten operas à la "*Tristan und Isolde*." The reader may easily imagine how loud and vehement Wagner's shouts are after Meyerbeer. Meyerbeer's art, Herr Wagner asserts, consisted, only in "deceiving, a feat he accomplished by palming off upon his wearied audience the (Jewish) jargon, which we have already minutely characterized, as the modern and piquant expression of all the trivialities which, in their naked stupidity, had been so often presented to them." For Wagner (who never "deceived" the public for quite forty years with operas like *Les Huguenots*) Meyerbeer is a "tragic-comic phenomenon, as, indeed, generally that which leaves us cold, that which is laughable" constitutes "the distinguishing feature of Judaism." It would be only when music had fallen into a state of utter coma that Jews could enter into it. "It is not until the inward death of a body becomes manifest that the elements lying outside it gain the power of being their own masters, but merely to decompose the body; thus the flesh of the latter is resolved into a seething many-lived mass of worms." After Heine has been hissed off for his "poetic lies," and Börne applauded because he worked at the "self-annihilation of Judaism," Wagner returns to the terrible results of his pseudonymous article of the year 1850. He tells us that, owing to the many years Felix Mendelssohn worked there, "Leipzig received the real musical Jewish baptism. Leipzig is exclusively the Jewish musical capital," &c. In this disgusting, low strain, that would do honour to a fanatic mendicant friar, does the entire pamphlet continue. It is in the Jewish musical capital, therefore, that the conspiracy was then organized, "always to ignore Wagner as the author of the article," but, on the other hand, "by systematic calumny and persecution" to punish him in his literary and musical efforts. The first calumniator to come forward, in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, was, we are informed, Professor Bischoff, "a friend and admirer of Herr Ferdinand Hiller." (Strange to say, Hiller is not further ill-treated in the pamphlet, although he has published several admirable and crushing articles on Wagner's theories.) Then the Undersigned appeared with his "Libel" *On the Musically-Beautiful*. Against this denomination I must protest. My essay upon the *Musically-Beautiful* (the value of which Herr Wagner is, of course at liberty to fix as he pleases) is a thoroughly serious theoretical investigation, a strictly scientific endeavour to test anew, and to explain, the fundamental notions of musical aesthetics. It has never been regarded as aught else, though the merits of Wagner, as well as those of other composers, are discussed therein. Had I desired to write a libel against Wagner, I should have been able to find another and a more piquant title, in the style of his last pamphlet; as, for instance, *Der Grössenwahnsinn in der Musik*. That, among the representatives of genuine musical beauty, I mentioned, after Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, the Jewish Mendelssohn, so excites Herr Wagner's bile that he is seduced into making the stupid assertion that, merely to raise Mendelssohn with a "certain manner upon the throne, I placed a few specimens of Christian nobility, such as Robert Schumann, by his side." It is from the essay, *On the Musically-Beautiful*, that, we are told, the whole amount of subsequent misfortune resulted: "The author had attained universal respect, and made himself a position which gave him importance, when he, an aesthetician whom people wonderingly admired, now appeared as critic in the most widely-read political paper, and declared my artistic efforts null and void." My "nimbus," he says also, is the reason that, wherever newspapers are read in the world, one particular tone has become the rule in speaking of him, a tone which Mdme Muchanoff, née Countess Nesselrode, has been so astonished to meet with everywhere. I must, in return, inform Herr Wagner that he estimates far too highly the influence of my criticisms, and assigns me an amount of importance that I am very far from possessing. Mine is merely one voice amongst many voices, but, be it observed, voices which are independent and the exponents of sincere convictions. Why does not Herr Wagner name our most celebrated musical writer, Otto Jahn, whose criticisms on *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* surpass, in crushing power, all I ever wrote about him? Why does he not name Speidel and Scheller of Vienna, who—though as little Jews as I am myself—have not treated him in a manner one iota more Christianlike than I have? Very recently, Herr Lübke, the art-historian, spoke with charming humour, in a similar strain of him, being naturally in Stuttgart immediately matriculated a Jew for so doing. Why does not Wagner remember that clever writer,

Hinrichs, who, at first, advanced to meet him with warm sympathy, but the longer he wrote, and the more carefully he studied Wagner's operas, became colder and colder, so that the "loyal Brendel" would not accept his last articles. But Wagner expressly complains of Adolphe Stahr, and Robert Franz, who, in the summer of 1850, once, "though exactly only once," espoused his cause! I, too, am reproached with the "almost enthusiastic partiality" which I at first felt for him, but which I now feel no longer. My worthy Herr Wagner, the same thing has happened to a great many others. I never denied the strong impression, nor have I ever been ashamed of it, which was produced upon me, when a young student in Dresden, by the dazzling performance of *Tannhäuser*. I sent a notice of it to the *Wiener Musikzeitung*, and, though rather lavish in its praise, the notice exhibited anything but blindness to the numerous weak points in the opera. That, at a period when the name of Richard Wagner was not known in Austria, I happened to be the first who spoke publicly in terms of warm admiration of *Tannhäuser*, is a fact that gives me satisfaction even now.* My mistake consisted merely in the sanguine belief that, in his subsequent operas, Wagner would raise and refine to clearer and clearer beauty those elements which are full of charm and purport in *Tannhäuser*, and that, at the same time, he would reject what was unmusical, unhealthy, and trivial, though cleverly disguised. The reverse has come to pass; every succeeding opera has become more unmelodious, more wearisome, more noisy, and abstruse. Just in the same way, his pamphlet grows more passionate, more spiteful, and more mendacious at every page. The one lie, my pretended "Judaism," I will overlook, in consideration of the blind rage of a man, who like the Rabbini in Heine's *Disputation*, always goes about with a small naked knife, in order murderously to hack harmless Christians who may pass him. The second lie does not concern me alone. Wagner asserts, the reader must know, that Theodor Vischer (whom he has the impertinence to dub "an amiable and perfectly blond German Aesthetician"), confided to me the execution of the musical part of his *Asthetik*, and deduces from this relation of ours to each other fresh conclusions in explanation of my "rapid celebrity," &c. As we must in justice assume that Herr Wagner has had in his hands at least once this *Asthetik* of Vischer's, since he so depreciates it, it cannot possibly have escaped his notice that the whole of the musical portion (with the exception of a few paragraphs written by Vischer himself), is due to Professor Karl Köstlin, of Tübingen, a man known as a thorough musician and philosopher, and not only no Jew, but actually a Protestant clergyman.

According to Wagner, it is impossible to estimate too highly the incalculable influence, still at work, of the pseudonymous Jew-Article of 1850; he assures us: "What Liszt, too, had to undergo, was attributable to this article!" The reader perceives that Wagner is becoming a perfect child. The "defection," also, of Joachim (whose truthful, artistic nature could no longer put up with the humbug of the Music of the Future), Wagner explains as a consequence of the influence exerted by his Jewish shield of Medusa. In Paris and London, moreover, the same "organized conspiracy" existed against him (of course, people there had nothing more pressing to do than to read the *Leipziger Musikzeitung* of 1850). He accounts for the universal antipathy with which he met in London, "by the peculiar character of the English religion, which is based more upon the Old than upon the New Testament." After having thus waged war with the papers, Wagner, not abandoning his fixed idea for a single moment, proceeds to attack theatrical managers. "You already perceive," he says, apostrophizing Mdme Muchanoff, née Countess Nesselrode, "that, while my former operas made their way into nearly all German theatres, each of my more recent works meets with a sluggish, nay, hostilely rejectful behaviour in the self-same theatres; the fact is, my earlier works had forced their way upon the stage before the Jewish agitation, and their success could not be greatly affected."† Such an explanation can emanate only from a person completely blinded by vanity, who never seeks in himself the cause of a failure, but always solely in the intrigues of others. Every theatrical manager who understands his business (leaving out of consideration the fact of his possessing any especial feeling for art) will be eager to produce novelties by a composer who has already written two or three operas which have successfully kept their places on the stage. In consequence of the unusual dearth of new German operas, a theatrical manager will even make many a sacrifice

* I pleaded also for the performance of *Die Meistersänger* in Vienna, not that I considered it a masterpiece, but because of all the German operas which have been produced for some time past, it is the most interesting and most original, and, therefore, the public ought not to be deprived of the chance of becoming acquainted with it.

† This Jewish chronological calculation is not applicable to Vienna. *Tannhäuser* was not given at the Imperial Operahouse before 1859, and *Lohengrin* not before 1858.

to secure such novelties. If, in spite of this, he does not venture on them, he must have come to the conviction that they do not hold out the promise of success, or, at least, not of such a success as will repay him for his trouble and expense. When warm advocates of *Tannhäuser* protest against music like that in *Tristan und Isolde*, the reason of their so doing exists wholly and solely in *Tristan und Isolde* itself; and when a theatrical manager asserts he can cast and get up *Der fliegende Holländer* and *Lohengrin* tolerably well, but could never manage *Die Meistersinger* or *Die Nibelungen*, here again the blame rests solely and wholly with *Die Nibelungen* and *Die Meistersinger*. It is not every theatre which, like the Royal Operahouse, Munich, can maintain an expensive clinical staff of accoucheurs simply for Richard Wagner. Wagner allows himself to be so carried away by his passion as to make the exceedingly impertinent assertion that he perceived, in his correspondence with the persons at the head of the Court Operahouses in Vienna and Berlin, "from the dodges employed by them, that it was not merely their wish not to be under the necessity of producing the *Meistersinger*, but, moreover, to hinder its being given at other theatres." As regards the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, I am in a position to assure Herr Wagner of the contrary. The management was only waiting for permission to make the most necessary cuts; and very rightly, for no sensible manager would ever inflict upon his public an opera of such preposterous and somniferous length. Wagner, however, takes some credit to himself for the fact "that he has now made certain stipulations never previously considered necessary for his permission to produce a new work." The "mingling of the Jewish element in our artistic affairs" appears in this case, therefore, to emanate from himself, I think.—After giving Fröbel (who has broken so many lances in his defence) a kick, as he goes by, Wagner suddenly stumbles over the name of Robert Schumann. Of course, something injurious must be said of him—but it is not so easy to do so. . . . All right! Wagner has hit upon it. "Compare," he says to Mme Muchanoff, *née* Countess von Nesselrode, "the Robert Schumann of the first half of his productivity with the Robert Schumann of the second: there plastic fashioning impulse; here, a subsiding into bombastic flatness." And what is the reason of this? Was not it, as we previously thought, Schumann's nervous illness, and the overclouding of his mind, which soon met with so fearful a conclusion in his tragic end? Not a bit of it! Wagner assures us that the reason of the decline in Schumann's productive power must be sought in the influence exerted "by the mingling of the Jewish element." Up to this point the predominant feeling excited by the pamphlet is one of ridiculousness; but this feeling is now converted into absolute disgust. We shut the repulsive book, which will hardly gain its author many friends, or create many enemies for the Jews. As a guide to Wagner's character, it possesses only a psychological interest. In it unbounded self-adoration has attained a height, on which a man with his brains in healthy working order could never breathe. We are involuntarily compelled to think of R. Wagner's predecessor in the Old Testament,—King Nabuchodonazzar, who believed so long that he was a god, that he turned himself into a mere ordinary ox, eat hay, and was set to music by Verdi.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

SARAH BERNHARDT passed through Madrid on her way from Lisbon to Barcelona.

BAYREUTH.—In a letter addressed to Hans von Wolzogen, editor of the *Bayreuther Blätter*, Wagner unfolds his intentions as to this year's performances of *Parsifal*, and likewise as to those to be given every year afterwards, *in perpetuum*. The oracle also expresses a hope that a "school" (on Wagnerian principles, of course), may be the issue.

BERLIN.—Carlotta Grossi, formerly of the company at the Royal Operahouse, subsequently engaged at Vienna, will re-appear for a limited period. (Well remembered by Maplesonian opera-goers.—*Dr Blügel*.) *Carnevalfest*, a new ballet, from the pen of Emil Hartmann, Copenhagen, has been successfully performed in the Concerthaus, by Bilse's Orchestra.

MOSCOW.—During the time of the Exhibition—from the 15th May to the 15th September—the Russian Musical Society intend giving a series of ten concerts at which only works by Russian composers will figure, the conductors being Anton Rubinstein, Davidoff, Rimsky-Korsakow, Balakirew, and Hubert, director of the Conservatory. Rubinstein, who is to conduct at the first three concerts, has written an overture in which a number of well-known popular Russian national airs are "worked up." Tchaikowsky has composed an "Overture solennelle" for two orchestras.

CONCERTS.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The first grand festival of the new company's second season was inaugurated on Saturday last under very inauspicious circumstances. The weather reminded one more of March than of April. Notwithstanding boisterous wind, much rain, and leaden skies through which the sun struggled in vain to gain the mastery, a very large gathering mustered on the occasion, the principal attraction being a grand performance of Mr Carter's sacred cantata, *Placida, the Christian Martyr*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with the following artists: Mme Christine Nilsson, Miss Patti Winter, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr George Cox, Mr James H. Ley, and Signor Foli. Mr Edward Bending presided at the organ. Mr Carrodus was leader of the orchestra. The united chorus and band, numbering 1,000, was conducted by Mr Carter. Produced some ten years ago, it is questionable whether the cantata was ever so ably rendered as on this occasion. No exception could be taken to any of the artists, but special circumstances lent an attraction to Mme Christine Nilsson, which rendered the performance one of more than usual interest. Clad in deepest mourning, pale as marble, and showing evidence of her recent heavy bereavement, the great Swedish soprano looked, if possible, more fascinating than ever. The *Placida* of the cantata was realized in a manner so remarkable that the audience gave spontaneous vent to their sympathy in one long-sustained burst of admiration, renewed again and again throughout the performance, as the great singer, with inspired fervour, threw heart and soul into the part of the martyred *Placida*. Ably as the other singers rendered their parts, the feeling was overpowering that the interest centred in Mme Nilsson. Nor can this be regretted, artistically, for, after all, the halo of the martyr's crown ought to be focussed, as it were, on the Roman maiden who gave up sweet life for her Christianity. The performers throughout were much applauded, encores being, as a rule, declined; there was, however, no resisting the demand for a repetition of the Processional March. In the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, which followed, the same artists again appeared, Miss Patti Winter being added as a relief to Mme Nilsson in the concerted music. Miss Winter's clear, resonant soprano voice seemed admirably adapted for such a concert-room, and could not fail to be heard throughout the vast space. Mr Carter's choir, in the music of the *maestro*, did not acquit themselves so well as in their conductor's cantata. There was an occasional want of precision, and two instances of very faulty attack. Experienced choristers ought to find no difficulty in looking at their music, and, at the same time, keeping an eye upon the beat. On the other hand, conductors would do well, even at rehearsals, if they avoided making the beat heard. Once accustomed a choir to listening for the beat, they will soon give up looking at it. Upon the whole, however, the performance was a most creditable one. We need scarcely add that the band was admirably led by Mr Carrodus.—W. H.

HACKNEY CHORAL ASSOCIATION.—The spacious and handsome Town Hall of Shoreditch was crowded on Monday evening, when the musical society above-named gave its last concert for the season. A special attraction had been provided, in the shape of a new cantata, *Alfred*; poem by Mr W. Grist, music by Mr E. Prout, who has conducted the performances of the Hackney Choral Association since its establishment, some years ago. Much interest was, of course, felt in the work by those locally concerned, and by many who, recognizing Mr Prout as a very able musician, came from a distance to gratify their curiosity. We may say at once that, by the result, interest was justified and curiosity rewarded. The cantata is styled "dramatic," which term the nature of its structure warrants only by a stretch of courtesy. Very little action enters into the story, and the lyric element nearly everywhere predominates. We do not quarrel with this, especially as Mr Grist writes verses which are far above those ordinarily found in works of the kind, and some of which rise into the region of poetry. But it may be doubted whether so marked an absence of dramatic interest tended in favour of Mr Prout, who has not been able to avoid a certain monotony. For some of this he alone is responsible. He might have more distinctly characterized the music of the Danes and Saxons with a view to contrast of style. True they were kindred peoples, but in the fact that the Saxons were Christians and the Danes heathens lies provocation enough to dissimilarity of musical expression. It would, however—looking at the general merit of the work—be ungracious to complain against Mr Prout on any such ground as that just stated. The story, we need hardly say, deals with the venture of Alfred into the Danish camp, and his subsequent victory over those troublesome invaders. The first scene shows the dispersal of the defeated Saxons at the command of their king, and Alfred's resolution, inspired by the cheering words of his queen, Alswitha, to venture upon a desperate deed. The carrying out of

that resolve is shown in the second scene, a leading feature being a contest of song between Alfred and Guthrum, the Danish chief, one taking as his theme love, the other war, love being, of course, the conqueror. Finally we witness the return of the triumphant Saxons with their prisoners, all of whom agree to adopt Christianity and live under Alfred's rule. Mr Prout has treated this heroic subject in a style that pleases by an absence of affectation and by the presence of a good deal of sound musicianship. We had occasion to say some time ago that he was driving a pair along the bye-roads leading to Bayreuth, but that one of his horses jibbed. Here no such remark is possible. Mr Prout's course, in *Alfred*, lies on the broad and beaten track of art, and if we may continue the figure—the cattle pull together in perfect amity. His recitative, perhaps, invites the observation that it conforms too much to an antique model, but the fault, if fault it be, is a good one, especially as times go. In point of melody, both songs and choruses are well provided. The themes are clearly marked and expressive, having obviously arisen in the composer's mind from his study of the text and not arbitrarily. We are, however, disposed to accept as the most striking feature in *Alfred* the manner in which it is scored for orchestra. Mr Prout's acquaintance with the resources of instrumentation is here conclusively displayed, the listener's interest never flagging. We might give instance after instance of well-judged effect, but enough if we mention with special approval the scoring of the Saxon chorus, "Weary and war-wasted," and of Alfred's dirge, "Wail, my harp, in saddened strain." Here we see the hand of a master, and recognize that the force of the picturesque in music could hardly farther go. An occasion will doubtless present itself for fuller details; meanwhile, it may go forth that a cantata honourable to native talent has appeared. The performance was throughout excellent, Miss Marriott, Mr Shakespeare, and Mr King doing justice to the solos, while band and chorus vied with each other in the discharge of a task to which they were more than competent. We may add that the conspicuous numbers were lustily applauded, and that Mr Prout himself came in for great honour. In the remainder of the programme were Mozart's G minor symphony, and the "Benediction of the Daggers" from *Les Huguenots*.—D. T.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—The series of concerts announced for this season at St James's Hall under the above title was inaugurated on Monday evening in a most successful manner, except in one particular—the audience was hardly as numerous as could have been desired, notwithstanding the example set by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who honoured the occasion with their presence. The instrumentalists, selected from the Manchester and Crystal Palace bands, with the large chorus, numbered 300 performers, who, under the direction of Mr Charles Hallé, carried out a programme of surpassing quality. Doubts, if any existed, as to the merits of the orchestra were dispelled by the masterly interpretation of Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, which opened the concert. The just balance of the constituent parts of string, wood, and brass, their quality and power, were made manifest in the work of the Italian master, with its grandiose introduction, and its allegro abounding in devices of extended crescendos, long fiddle passages, and prolonged trills. Of a very different order was the next number in the programme—Rubinstein's Concerto in G major, No. 3 (Op. 45), for pianoforte and orchestra. Here, in conjunction with Mme Sophie Menter, the band had to set forth the newest phase of musical thought, the most advanced method of utterance. The difference in the two works might be seen in the concluding passages of each; the older composer, striking some noble chords, seems to make in retiring a stately bow; the younger, as if in delirious passion, gives vent, by one last bursting cry, to emotions no longer endurable. In the concerto Rubinstein has, in many respects, kept well within the boundaries observed by his predecessors. In the third movement, *Allegro risoluto*, there is, however, a marked tendency to wander in devious tracts; but the composer probably felt that his principal theme was not altogether free from commonplace, and the strivings manifest might be, therefore, the effect of an intense desire and ardent purpose to mass the materials so that the movement might culminate in an exalted climax. This unsatisfied and impatient spirit was also discernible in the first division of the concerto, *Allegro moderato*. Between the two *Allegros* comes an *Andante* of considerable beauty, enhanced on Monday night by the extraordinary talents of Mme Sophie Menter. The fair artist seemed burthened with the sentiment of the tender phrases, and lovingly gave it utterance. The first subject was particularly caressed, now playfully, now mournfully, and now passionately. But the entire performance of the great pianist was little short of marvellous. Such strength, such attack, accuracy, and brilliancy are seldom met with in conjunction. The audience, unchilled by paucity of numbers, applauded the lady with enthusiasm. Brahms' variations for orchestra on a theme of Haydn's "Chorale

St Antoni," can scarcely be called a novelty, inasmuch as it has been heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere; but some time may elapse before it becomes a familiar item in our concert programmes. In it there is certainly no absence of technical skill, for every variation is marked by that supreme mastery over a simple theme, that power of transposing a given subject into a thing of elaborate beauty, which only the great musician commands. Brahms has taken the melody of Haydn, as one at the forge would take a bar of metal to fashion it into ornaments of divers form and character. Now it is attenuated, now consolidated; now it glows with fervid heat, and anon spreads out into sparkling devices. Haydn's tune, by the fire of the younger composer's genius, is rendered, as it were, malleable, and by scientific skill wrought into complex forms. Beethoven's colossal Choral Symphony occupied the second part of the concert. A few years back no one had the temerity to tell that a work, then considered incomprehensible, would become really familiar. Yet so it is. To many present on Monday night it was the best-known work in the programme, and to those it undoubtedly proved the greatest delight. Little else than praise can be awarded to the band and chorus for the fine interpretation given; the chorus was unusually able; and the trying high notes were attacked with zeal and success. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Orridge, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley, of whom the last-named had previously given an excellent reading of the bass air, "Der Krieglust ergeben," from Spohr's *Jessonda*. Mr Charles Hallé conducted throughout the evening with unflinching skill and energy.—P.G.

THE third of a series of Smoking Concerts of the Regency Club took place on Thursday, 27th ult. The chair was taken by Mr Thomas P. Chappell, president of the club, supported by the energetic chairman of committee, Mr M. Maybrick. Owing to some difficulty having arisen to prevent the use of the electric light, the concert-room was on this occasion elegantly illuminated by several candelabra, supplied by Messrs Tansley. About 200 members were present, amongst whom were Messrs Henry Irving, George Grossmith, Herman Franke, Oscar Beringer, E. J. Odell, Rutland Barrington, Herbert Standing, G. Ghiberti, Musin, &c. Messrs Edward Lloyd and C. Santley were prevented by professional engagements from being present. The following was the programme:—

Pianoforte Duet, "Mendelssohn's Wedding March," Herr Oscar Beringer and Mr Maybrick; Song, *Patria* (Tito Mattei), Signor Ghiberti; Quartet, in D, for strings (Haydn), Herr Herman Franke, Herr Jung, Herr Krause, and Mr Ould; Song (Schubert), Herr Julius Franke; Pianoforte Solo, (a) *Serenade* (Rubinstein), (b) *Polonaise* (Liszt), Herr Oscar Beringer; Song, "In sheltered vale," Mr Maybrick; Song, "The little hero" (S. Adams), Mr Maybrick; Quintet (Schumann), Herr Oscar Beringer, Herr Franke, Herr Jung, Herr Krause, and Mr Ould; Song, J. B. Croft; Recitation from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, E. J. Odell; *Serio-Comic Song*, "The Cruise of the Calabar," Mr E. J. Odell; Song, "Qui Vive," Signor Ghiberti; Recitation, "The level crossing" (Sims), Mr J. Fernandez; New Musical Sketch, Mr G. Grossmith; Song, "The Captain of the Pinafore," Mr Rutland Barrington; Imitations of popular actors, Mr Herbert Standing; Musical Sketch, "Of people who can't sing and will," Mr G. Grossmith; Recitation, "O villainous ambition," Mr E. J. Odell; Recitation, "My Lord Tom Noddy," Dr Evan Jones.

The entertainment closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by Mr Philip Waterlow.

MR GUSTAVE PRADEAU gave the second of his pianoforte recitals on Tuesday afternoon, May 2, at the New Town Hall, Kensington, and, as upon the former occasion, a considerable assemblage, consisting chiefly of ladies, was present to hear him play a miscellaneous series of pieces by Stephen Heller, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Beethoven, and Chopin. Mr Pradeau is an executant of irrepressible vigour, and in certain of his performances an abatement of physical force would be welcome. That he has an enormous command over the instrument is undeniable, but the lack of something of the nature of temperance in the more emphatic necessities of the moment is a defect of so easy avoidance that its correction may be suggested without apology. Not only is the ear startled by this ultra vehemence of style, but the eye half looks for sparks from the instrument itself. The magnificent "Waldstein" sonata of Beethoven, which constituted the most important feature of the programme, suffered considerably from this disposition to attain sonorous rather than pleasurable effects; otherwise the performance might have taken creditable rank as a pianoforte reading. Stephen Heller was represented by the first of his "Promenades d'un Solitaire" and the third of his "Nuits Blanches"; Mendelssohn by a pair of his "Songs without words" and his *Capriccio* in E minor; Schumann by his occasional pieces "Au soir" and "Pourquoi," and his fifth "Nocturne"; and Chopin by a *Scherzo*, a *Mazurka*, a *Nocturne*, a *Polonaise*, and a *Valse*.—H.

THE fourth, and last, of Messrs Carl Weber and Alex. Kummer's Concerts of Chamber Music took place at the Royal Academy of Music on Wednesday evening. Beethoven's Trio, in B flat, Op. 37; Brahms' Sonata, in G, Op. 78, for pianoforte and violin; and Goetz' Quartet, in E major, Op. 6, were the principal pieces given. Herr Kummer's violin solos were a romance by Edwin Shute, and an Introduction and Gavotte by Franz Ries. Mons. B. Albert played a Salon-Stücke (No. 3, in A major) by Rubinstein; and Herr Carl Weber a pianoforte solo. Mrs Hutchinson varied the programme with *Lieder*, by Goetz, and a "Solvejg Lied," by Grieg. Mr Harvey Lohr accompanied. The concert was well attended, and was much enjoyed.

MISS BLANCHE NAVARRE'S announcement of her first annual concert had the effect of filling the Marlborough Rooms. The names of Miss Damian, Mr Isidore de Lara, Mr Thorndike, Mr George Grossmith, and other popular artists figured in the programme; and though some of the promised talent was not forthcoming at the proper moment, the concert on the whole was very successful. Indeed, after listening to a series of vocal and instrumental pieces for upwards of two hours, the audience were still so unwilling to go away that it was found necessary to play "God save the Queen" in order to make it clearly understood that the entertainment was at an end. Miss Navarre's greatest success was achieved in the very brilliant, very difficult, and (must it be said?) slightly antiquated "Una voce," from *Il Barbiere*. Miss Navarre possesses the rare faculty of being able to sing in tune. Her voice, moreover, is of charming quality; and it has gained considerably of late in strength. Mr Isidore de Lara sang very effectively two songs of his own composition, and Mr George Grossmith caused endless laughter in a new scene which he had written specially for the occasion.

PROVINCIAL.

BANBURY.—A concert, under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, was held lately in the Exchange Hall. The platform was prettily decorated with plants, &c., by Messrs Windsor, Strange, and Macnaughton. The performers were—Mlle Doré Desvignes, Mr Alfred Hemming, Herren Carl Henkel, Otto Leu, and Oberthür, together with Misses Fortescue and Jessie Davis. The programme contained many interesting compositions, including Oberthür's trio for violin, violoncello, and harp; Handel's "Largo," for violin, harmonium, and harp; Oberthür's duet, for two harps, on *Les Huguenots*; and his concertino for harp alone. Gounod's *Meditation* (on Bach's first prelude), for violin, harmonium, and harp, was also given, and was capably played by Miss Fortescue, Herren Henkel, and Oberthür. The singers were all in excellent voice, and were ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Jessie Davis.

SOUTHSEA.—Miss Clara Latham had a concert at the Portland Hall, on Thursday evening, April 27th, under the patronage of the Mayor, Admiral Ryder, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and the Hon. T. C. Bruce. The singers were—Mme Adeline Paget, Miss Clara Latham, Messrs Edward Lloyd, and Alfred Moore; the instrumentalists—Mr Charles Oberthür (harp), and Mr George Gear (pianoforte). The successes of the concert were obtained by Mr Edward Lloyd in Mr Gear's song, "My Lady sleeps," and Ascher's romance, "Alice, where art thou?" both of which were encored; Miss Paget in the "Jewel song," from *Faust* (encored); Miss Latham, in Michael Watson's "A Winter Story" (encored); Mr. George Gear in two of his own compositions (re-called); and Mr Oberthür, in his musical illustration, "Clouds and Sunshine" (encored, and his "Cascade" substituted). We must not omit to state that Mr Alfred Moore was called upon to repeat Mr Hutchinson's "Ehren on the Rhine." The concert was well attended, and was thoroughly enjoyed.

DUBLIN.—The concert given at the Exhibition Palace on Monday evening, May 1, by Mr Mapleson and Messrs Cramer was of interest. Mme Roze-Mapleson, whose popularity seems to increase every day, was the attraction, and those who expected a musical treat were not disappointed. The other vocalists—Mlle Le Brun, a young French contralto, Messrs Frank Boyle, and Arthur Oswald—were new to Dublin, as well as Signor Mora, the pianist. M. Buzian was the violinist. The concert began with a duet for violin and pianoforte, Mme Roze-Mapleson then gave the grand scena, "Softly sighs," (*Der Freischütz*), with great effect. Her singing, afterwards, of Gounod's "Ave Maria," brought down an enthusiastic "encore," the violin *obligato* part being admirably played by M. Buzian. Mme Roze, whose ballad-singing is not her least accomplishment, evidently touched all hearts with her rendering of "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," and the "Last Rose of Summer" which she gave for encore. Mlle Le Brun acquitted herself satisfactorily in "Ah mon fils," *Le Prophète*, and "Il segreto per esser felice," (encored).

RICKMANSWORTH.—On Wednesday afternoon a festival service was held in the old parish church, in which the choir, numbering over fifty voices, took part. Sir George Elvey, Mus. Doc., Oxon, of Windsor Chapel-Royal, was the organist. The Hon. Victoria Grosvenor, eldest daughter of Lord Ebury, Moor Park, conducted the choir, and the Rev. Canon Nisbet, rector of St Giles's-in-the-Fields, Bloomsbury, London, preached.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

Attractions of a more than ordinary character, at the Alexandra Palace, proved a match for the boisterous and forbidding weather of Saturday, which, instead of keeping the public away from this popular resort, seemed to drive them into it. In celebration of the first summer-anniversary of the present management, a grand musical festival was added to the programme of the day; and the second season was thus inaugurated in a manner highly creditable to the liberality and enterprise of the lessees. The sacred cantata, *Placida, the Christian Martyr*, composed by Mr William Carter, and produced ten or eleven years ago, had the advantage of being sung by artists all of whom are eminently qualified for their tasks. The Roman maiden who, impressed by the fervid devotion of her slave, Bertha, embraces Christianity was represented by Mme Christine Nilsson, who succeeded in realizing the dramatic character as effectively as she interpreted the music assigned to the part. Mr Edward Lloyd, as the patrician Roman father, also sang most impressively; and Mme Sterling threw all her wonted power into the personation of the Christian bondswoman. Signor Foli was the Priest, Fabian, by whom Placida is baptized; and the characters of Nero, the Emperor, and Rufus, a friend of Metellus, were respectively embodied by Mr James H. Ley and Mr George Cox. Hardly necessary is it to say that the presence of the great Swedish singer at the Alexandra Palace was of itself an event calculated to induce a large attendance even at the increase from a shilling to half-a-crown in the price of admission. On the other hand, there was a meteorological condition so adverse that it could not but have shaken the best-founded hopes of success. Comforting, therefore, was it to find, when Mr Carter's sacred work began, that the ample hall was remarkably well filled by an audience ready to appreciate the musical treat provided for them, and apparently in no wise disconcerted by the untoward weather which they had braved in order to enjoy a performance of such quality as that promised by the management. The overture, which was played by an efficient force of instrumentalists, conducted by Mr W. Carter, evoked a sympathetic burst of applause; and this auspicious beginning was followed by signs of general favour, which increased as the performance proceeded. The chorus and band together were a thousand strong, the latter body having for leader Mr Carrodus. As soon as Mme Nilsson, who wore a dress wholly composed of black crape, came upon the platform, the warm plaudits which had greeted the appearance of Mme Antoinette Sterling and Mr Edward Lloyd deepened in volume to a perfect storm, and this enthusiastic reception was acknowledged with grateful signs by the distinguished vocalist. Her singing of the celestial air, "There is a gem," created a deep impression; but encores were avoided throughout, with the single exception of the processional march, the repetition of which was so loudly and unanimously called for that the demand could not well be refused. Mme Nilsson's other airs, and especially "Yes, to a bright and glorious life," were all received with marked signs of approbation; and so was her duet with Mme Sterling, "O magnify the Lord with me," which, with its chorus, "God's mercy is on them that fear Him," ends the first scene. The music falling severally to the lot of Mr Lloyd and Signor Foli produced its due effect upon the audience; and in short the entire performance of the cantata, including the organ music played by Mr Bending, fell evidently on ears ready to be pleased and in no single instance disappointed. In the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, which followed, Mme Christine Nilsson, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli again appeared; and they were joined by Miss Patti Winter, whose soprano was of service in taking some weight of labour from Mme Nilsson.—D. T.

SCHWERIN.—A provisional building will be run up for use until another Grand-Ducal Theatre can be raised on the site of the one recently burnt down. The Grand-Duke has announced that he will not avail himself of the clause by which the destruction of the theatre by fire rendered the engagements of artists null and void. Some thirty members of the chorus, men and women, have been agreeably surprised by being engaged to sing in German opera at Drury Lane. Each lady receives 350 marks salary, with free passage to London and back. The Grand-Duke has, moreover, made each of them a present of 100 marks for articles of costume.

THE MUSICAL EAR.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I should like to be permitted to make a few comments upon an article which appeared in the *Globe* some time since, under the above heading. The musical ear, as it appears to me, is not so much a faculty given to the few as a qualification that can be acquired by the many. Granted that some find little or no pleasure in listening to the finest music, I think it will be found in most instances that these few have had little or no opportunity of hearing anything but the lowest forms of music. Musical enthusiasm is not so much an original state as a cultivated condition, and I do not believe that many people exist to whom music is really unpleasant if they have only lived in an atmosphere of harmony. There are, it is true, a small minority who can hardly distinguish one musical sound from another, and there are also some so delicately organized that musical combinations make upon them powerful impressions, even at a very early age; but these are generally the children of musical people, where music has been heard even from the cradle.

Of those who are supposed to possess "no ear," I can enumerate many examples, and I can support the statement made in the article alluded to, that some who are engaged in tuning instruments can do so perfectly, although they cannot hum even the most commonplace tune. I knew one man who was regarded as a quick and accurate tuner at a large pianoforte manufactory who not only could not hum a tune, but really could not distinguish one melody from another. His delicate perception as a tuner was undoubtedly acquired by practice.

But I will take the ordinary class of listeners who have no theoretical knowledge of music, and give them examples of the highest forms—Beethoven's symphonies, for instance—and they shall gradually become as sensible of their beauties, so far as influence on the senses goes, as the best-read musicians. I once heard the remark made by a visitor at a concert:—"It is true I have heard the 'Pastoral' and the C minor symphony of Beethoven several times, and I can really appreciate their beauties, but the other seven only bore me." "My good friend," was the reply, "if you continue to hear the seven you cannot understand, they will in time all be equally dear to you." I have noticed the same remark made about the works of Schubert, and more particularly Schumann, but I am prepared to assert that all these will afford gratification for the million if they are only made sufficiently familiar. I am frequently incensed at an observation commonly made by vocalists (who, as a rule, seldom listen to instrumental compositions), that audiences generally listen to them as a "fashion." I have over and over again insisted that if the ears of a people continue to be nourished with good music, their fondness for it will increase, and that the taste for vulgar compositions will cease. We shall always have exceptions, as we have in every other taste, and perhaps it is well that it should be so; but do not try to make it appear that greatness in the musical, as in every other art cannot be appreciated through increasing familiarity.

We have some whose organization is so distinctly delicate that music comes to them as their natural food. I have known very young pupils so alive to musical impression that, upon a first hearing, the most difficult symphonies have become intelligible to them, and they will be able to pick up every theme and, indeed, repeat it, although but once heard.

The power to make a musical note is, as the writer I have alluded to very properly remarks, no guide to musical taste or ear. The act is purely mechanical, and he must be a very remarkable master who can tell upon a first hearing whether a pupil has any aptitude. In nine cases out of ten I should say they will be wrong. I knew a young gentleman who was placed under one of the first provincial professors, and was afterwards heard by several distinguished vocalists, and they all decided that he had neither a note in his voice nor the smallest capacity for music; and yet this same gentleman became one of the most distinguished vocalists of the day, and held that position for more than a quarter of a century. Some critics also who are conversant with every description of musical work are unable to give the most elementary illustration even of the simplest theme. When the performance is once commenced they can follow it note by note; but to give any illustration is out of their power.

In conclusion, let us say that as we have acquired tastes such as

distinguish the epicure for olives, caviare, sauerkraut, &c., &c., so we may have an acquired taste for unnatural musical combinations; and on these grounds only can I account for the preference given to certain classes of so-called music outraging all our notions of harmonious propriety.

PHOSPHOR.

—o—
WAIFS.

The *Farfalla* has been resuscitated in Milan.

Mr G. Henschel intends settling in Boston, U.S.

A new theatre in the Corso Venezia, Milan, is projected.

Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* was recently given in Cassel.

Sarasate, the Iberian fiddler *par excellence*, is playing in Naples.

A weekly musical journal, *Mefistofele*, is now published at Buenos Ayres.

A new opera, *Maria di Vasco*, by Brizzi, has been produced at Bologna.

The Italian operatic season in Odessa has hitherto not been very successful.

Fursch-Madi (Madier) is re-engaged for next season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Selina Dolaro was to appear on the 8th inst. at the Bijou Opera-house, New York.

The Governor of Bilbao lately gave a banquet to Pozzoni, Lodi, Gayarre, and Uetam.

The last operatic season at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, is said to have been prosperous.

L'Amico di Casa, an opera by Cortesi, has been produced at the Teatro Nuovo, Verona.

During Maurice Grau's recent visit to Havannah, five *primadonnas* left his company.

F. Lebrano, the harpist, now in Lisbon, has played before the King and Royal Family.

Carlotta Cleprier, a three-act opera by Floridia, is in rehearsal at the Circo Nazionale, Naples.

Johann Brahms' *Deutsches Requiem* was the feature at the ninth Börsen-Concert, Königsberg.

Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba* was successfully produced on the 19th ult. at the San Carlo, Naples.

The building of the new Concerthaus, to replace the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, has been commenced.

The Scalvini Italian buffo-opera company are playing at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid.

The Municipality of Ancona have refused by one vote to make the usual grant for opera this year.

Rigoletto, with Menotti in the title-part, has proved very successful at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan.

The state-grant of 30,000 roubles made to the Warsaw Theatres this year will be continued in 1883.

According to the American papers, Etelka Gerster receives 600 dollars a night from Max Strakosch.

The Spanish composer, Don Juan Cosamitjana y Alsina, born at Barcelona, 1805, died recently at Valencia.

A young pianist, Hubert Flohr, who has nearly attained the age of thirteen, has been playing at concerts in Liège.

After appearing on one occasion only, Mdme Mallinger unexpectedly broke off her engagement in Amsterdam.

Ponchielli has written an "Elegy" for full orchestra, to be performed by the Orchestral Society at the Scala, Milan.

Bonoli, manager of the Teatro Regio, Turin, may have "netted" £3,400 by the season just terminated, also he may not.

The programme of a recent concert in Geneva comprised several numbers from Lacombe's unpublished opera of *Winkelfried*.

Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* was included in the programme of the fifty-seventh Popular Concert, under Pedrotti, Turin.

Ernestine Gindele, of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, was lately married in that capital to Alexandre Guillaume, of Bordeaux.

Signora Lucca, the music-publisher, has forwarded the tenor De Sanctis the score of *Il Duca d'Alba*, with a flattering dedication.

Johann Strauss is not going to America, as reported, but Eduard Strauss may possibly go instead. (This is ominous.—Dr Blügg.)

The Italian opera company, lately in Alicante, inaugurated the season at Murcia with *Il Trovatore*, which was followed by *Lucia*.

The Cross of Isabella the Catholic has been conferred by the King of Spain on the well-known musical critic, M. Arthur Pougin.

The evening following the first performance of *Rheingold* in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, *Die Walküre* was given, also for the first time.

Joseph von Witt, Grand-Ducal Chamber-Singer, Schwerin, will shortly fulfil an engagement at the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

It is said that Theodor Thomas with his Orchestra will visit London this summer. (Hardly probable just now, I fear.—Dr Blügel.)

Hermann Winkelmann, "heroic tenor" at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, has been singing in *Lohengrin* at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Rosine Bloch (remembered at the Royal Italian Opera) is at Geneva, where she has appeared with marked success in *Le Prophète*.

The always enterprising Maurice Strakosch has engaged Sarasate, violinist, and Fischhoff, pianist, for his Emma Thursby Concert Company.

Lechner has been appointed manager of the Stadttheater, Teplitz, which will now be carried on by the Corporation. There were sixty candidates.

Joseph Wieniawski has opened at Brussels a course of instruction for ladies in "higher pianoforte-playing." ("Higher development?" —Dr Blügel.)

The new National Theatre was opened a short time since in Buenos Ayres. The tenor, Valero, is engaged in place of Stagno, the recalcitrant.

The Choral Society, Milan, under the direction of Leoni, have given Mozart's *Requiem*—but with pianoforte accompaniment.—(Per Bacco! —Dr Blügel.)

Sophie Frandin, who carried off the first prize for operatic singing at the Paris Conservatory, has been playing *Carmen* in Alexandria with general approval.

Large prices were given in Boston (U.S.), at the sale of articles of bric-à-brac, belonging to the late Mme Rudersdorff. Most of the purchasers were ladies.

Bellini's Monument, the work of the sculptor Monteverde, has arrived at Catania, and is already being erected on the appointed site in the Piazza Stesicorea.

The season at the Brussels Monnaie was brought to a close on the 1st inst. with Massenet's *Hérodiade*, which, on this occasion, the composer himself conducted.

At the express wish of the Emperor of Austria, the new Opera-house, Pesth, will be inaugurated in 1884. (Without the consent of Abbé Liszt? —Dr Blügel.)

Albert Vinentini is said to be negotiating with Gabbi, Pasqua, Gayarre, Bulterini, Giacomelli, David and Schezzi.—(If he gets Schezzi he is saved.—Dr Blügel.)

Amelie de Rindine, contralto, pupil of Mme Marchesi's, has made a successful *début* in Glinka's *Rousslan and Ludmila*, at the Russian Opera-house, St Petersburg.

Matilde Rodriguez, former pupil and prize-taker at the Madrid Conservatory, is engaged at the Teatro San Fernando, Seville. Her first appearance was as Elvira in Verdi's *Ernani*.

August Klughardt, conductor at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Neustrelitz, has been appointed to a similar post at Dessau, in place of Eduard Thiele, who retires after fifty-three years' service.

It is officially announced that the Italian Opera, St Petersburg, will, next season, be transferred from the Grand Theatre to the Maria, which in future will be styled the Imperial Theatre of Italian Opera.

A song, entitled "Pauvre Braga, charmant Garçon," has been dedicated to Braga, violoncellist, by Gounod, composer of the music, and Nadaud, author of the words.—(Scarcely credible.—Dr Blügel.)

The manager of the Bombay Theatre will shortly visit Europe with a native company, for the purpose of giving performances in Hindustani and Persian. (Welsh and Flemish—even Czech may follow.—Dr Blügel.)

Last week a fire was discovered in the Prince's Theatre, a large building in Lake Road, Landport, Portsmouth, recently devoted to variety entertainments. It was soon completely gutted. This event, following closely upon the destruction by fire of a large circus, has created great excitement in the borough.

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